

we sure are cute for two ugly people by 2moldy

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: ????? i hoenstly dont know what else to tag this as, Domestic Fluff, F/M, Fluff, and el agrees, he deserves to know hes pretty too!!!!, prompts, this is probably not typically whats written for this type of prompt soRRY, this is very short but very cute, yes i know mike is usually the one telling el 'pretty' and stuff but

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

or alternatively titled: confirmed by eleven, mike's freckles are in fact pretty

we sure are cute for two ugly people

Moments ago, Hopper had dropped Eleven off at Mike's house and she walked up the pathway leading to front door. The air was humid and puddles of rain were in the cracks of the road. Eleven liked noting all the details in her surroundings to no one in particular, it helped ground her. It was something her therapist taught her and it took a while to catch on but she began to actually use it. El felt happy today, she was going to see Mike after three entire days away from him! He had gone away on a trip to some town with a name she couldn't pronounce for a science project.

In the car ride there, Eleven kept thinking about the different types of "*I love you*," Mike had taught her the meaning behind each one. Her favorite was the one where Mike kept blushing and stumbling over his words. El also thinks about the first time they told each other that type of "*I love you*," a few months after she finally returned back home. She smiles.

After knocking on the door a times, El doesn't like how the wood kinda hurts her knuckles. Mike greeted her by wrapping his arms around her and holding her close. He didn't kiss her which she was almost sad about but she then remembered that Hopper was still leaning against his car in the driveway. Eleven hoped he would kiss her later. She noted that his windbreaker smelled like wet trees and pencils and she liked it, it was weird but pleasant. Mike's hair was slightly damp from biking home from school in the rain, little bits of curl still sticking out. Before they went in, Hopper told El that he would pick her up at 5pm. "Remember to check your watch, kiddo." Eleven made another mental note.

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An hour later, when El's head was nestled comfortably in the crook of Mike's neck and they both were lying on the carpet in his room, Eleven began to count Mike's freckles. They reminded her of the sprinkles Dustin would pour on top of his cupcake that made it extra sweet, which she found out was true but it also felt weird in her mouth.

She broke the comfortable silence between them and told him, “Your freckles are pretty, I like them.”

El couldn't help but feel satisfied when Mike's freckled cheeks turned pink. She liked it when that happened, even if she didn't completely understand why faces do that.

He shifted his head to be able to look at El easier, careful not to disturb. Typically, he would be the one calling El pretty, he wasn't sure how to react, although his cheeks already seemed to be figuring it out. This had to be the first time he heard someone call his freckles pretty, he thought they were girly, not fitting for a boy (Troy and James probably got the idea into his head). “You think so?”

Eleven hummed and nodded. She decided that Mike deserved to hear it too, she knew for some time he was insecure about his freckles (she thought it was silly because she always liked them from the moment she saw them).

Soft black hair brushed against Eleven's cheek when Mike leaned over to plant a kiss on her lips. Barely any space was between them, both of them looking into the other's eyes. Like a secret meant only for him, El told him quietly, “I love you.”

“I love you too, El.”

Author's Note:

i love fluff and i love mileven and that apparently equals that

the title is supposed to be like ? ironic

im not very proud of this one but i really wanna post something so!!! i do have a really Angsty™ mileven fic in wip.....grab ur kleenex and lets scream into a void